

Part II
Lash'd in the Helm,

To Which is added,

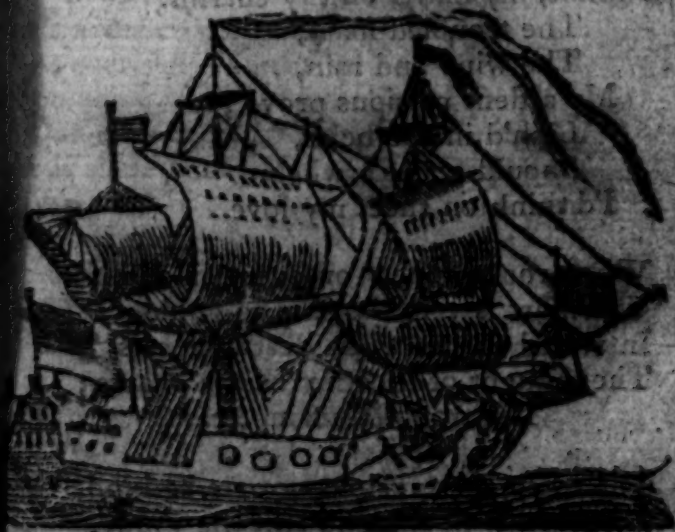
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I sail'd from the Downs.

Mary's Dream.

Cottage on the Moor.

Crazy Jane.



Printed for the Booksellers
W. D. D. C.

NEW SONGS.



Lash'd in the Helm.

IN storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
In 'midst of all these dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.

The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passions prove;
Lash'd in the helm,
Should seas o'erwhelm.
I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
When art is vain the ship to guide;
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thought of thee my bosom cheers;
The troubled main, &c.

But when the gracious powers be kind,
Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-lost native shore
No more the main

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I'd tempt again,
 But tender joys improve ;
 I then with thee
 Should happy be,
 And think on nought but love.

James Stanley
 I Sail'd from the Downs.

I Sail'd from the Downs in the Nancy,
 My jib, how she smack'd thro' the breeze,
 She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
 As ever sail'd on the salt seas,
 Then adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
 Our girls and our dear native shore,
 For if some hard rock we should split on,
 We ne'er should see them any more.
 But sailors are born for all weathers,
 Great guns, let it blow high, blow low,
 Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
 And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the Gut of Gibraltar,
 I verily thought she'd have sunk ;
 For the wind began so to alter,
 She yaw'd just as tho' she was drunk.
 The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,
 Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries,
 Brace the fore-sail athwart, see, she quivers,

As through the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky :
When truly a doleful disaster,
Besel three poor sailors and I ;
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were every soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cry'd peccavi,
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
Well, what would you have, we were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew,
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed,
But I, and I think, twenty-two.
But sailors,

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
Another guess way set the wind,
For to England I came and got married
To a lass that is comely and kind ;
But whether for joy or vexation,
We knew not for what we were born,
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
But sailors, &c.

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Mary's Dream.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
 That rises over the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tower and tree ;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep—
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
 Then soft and low a voice she heard
 Say—'Mary weep no more for me' !

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be,
 And saw her young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With pallid cheek and hollow eye.—
 'O Mary dear ! cold is my clay,
 It lies beneath a stormy sea ;
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me !

Three stormy nights and stormy days
 We toss'd upon the raging main,
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain :
 Even then when horror chill'd my blood,
 My heart was fill'd with love for thee :
 The storm is past, and I at rest,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me !

O, maiden dear ! thyself prepare,
 We soon shall meet upon this shore,

Where love is free from doubt or care,
 And thou and I shall part no more.
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled -
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 'O Mary! weep no more for me!'

Cottage on the Moor.

MY mam is no more, and my dad's in his
 grave,
 Little orphans are sisters and I sadly poor;
 Industry's our wealth, and no dwelling we have,
 But yon neat little cottage that stands on the
 moor.
 Yon neat little cottage, &c.

The lark's early-song does to labour invite;
 Contented we just keep the wolf from the
 door;
 And, Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight,
 To our neat little cottage that stands on the
 moor.
 To our neat little cottage, &c.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the
 cheer,
 Affections our inmate the guest we adore;

And heart-ease, and health, make a palace appear,
Of our neat little cottage that stands on the
moor.

Yon neat little cottage, &c.

Crazy Jane.

WHY, fair maid, in ev'ry feature
Are such signs of fear express'd?

Can a wand'ring wretched creature

With such terror fill thy breast?

Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?

Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain,

Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;

Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep, to see my anguish?

Mark me, and avoid my woe,

When men flatter, sigh, and anguish,

Think them false, I found them so;

For I lov'd, oh! so sincerely

None could ever love again;

But the youth I lov'd so dearly,

Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,

Which was doom'd to love but one;

He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him:

He was false, and I undone.

From that hour has reason never
 Held her empire o'er my brain,
 Henry fled, with him for ever,
 Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken hearted,
 And with frenzied thoughts beset,
 On that spot where last we parted—
 On that spot where first we met,
 Still I sing my love-lorn ditty—
 Still I slowly pace the plain,
 While each passer-by, in pity,
 Cries—God help thee, Crazy Jane.

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L. Jollie, Printer, Penrith.

